

# STET

A UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
STUDENTS' UNION PUBLICATION

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor: H. V. Weekes

Associate Editors: Helen McGregor, Marjorie Lee, Cliff Bawden, Gordon Wyatt,  
Peter Roberts, Charles Heath

Business Manager: Walter Dinwoodie

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# Editorial . . .

ASSURED as we are that you will read this October number through from cover to cover, we should nevertheless like to mention two items that seem to us to have some rather intangible connection, *The Muster Roll* and G. R. Settle's *Social Set*. From the deep south Peter Roberts writes of another citizen who has helped make Alberta what it is, and tells of one man's interest in growing boys and girls. Mr. Settle, on the other hand, discloses what some parents at least do to help their children grow up. The contrast intrigues us, particularly as we have maintained somewhat heatedly that parent delinquency is the real problem. Read carefully, either Mr. Robert's article or Mr. Settle's vignette could strike very close to home.

In this issue, too, we welcome a department that has, through space difficulties and our flagrantly prosaic nature, received too little attention:—the poems of the University Poetry Group. Started last year by a few students and faculty members interested in iambics and such things, the group has stimulated a real interest in writing poetry, and this year is ready to welcome anyone whose poetic appreciation is genuine. Budding Ogden Nashes, however, might better apply to the editor direct.

Our next issue, to which we are looking even as this one goes to press, will feature two stories by very young writers, and another of Merron Chorny's realistic tales. Aspiring writers will find help in an article by Milwyn Adams-Davies on Writers' Workshops. What else will complete our pages depends upon you, for there is always room for good work from inside or outside University. Editors, of course, are all either mice or men, but we can promise an interesting January issue, with a much shorter editorial.

Our mailbag is losing the lean and hungry look it once bore and is taxing the limited strength of our single office pigeon,

but with fine disregard for that gentle bird's well-being we want to tell you how much we appreciate the letters you have written. Each letter has contained some words of encouragement or some helpful suggestion, and of course many of them have also contained subscription dollars. STET now goes to England, Scotland, Holland, Bermuda, Venezuela and the United States, as well as to places in Canada as distant from each other as Vancouver and Montreal. It is, perhaps superfluous to mention that with STET goes a little of Alberta, our University, and the authors and artists who make our magazine. This thought might prove some additional incentive to aspiring contributors.

Speaking of suggestions, we received one the other day which seemed so logical that we blushed not to have thought of it ourselves. Using the series in *The Saturday Evening Post* as an example, our correspondent suggested that STET institute a series of articles on towns and places of interest in Alberta. "You should get dozens of people to write them," the lady writes, "for every student in the university has some home town, and all your other readers are proud of the places in which they live. Besides, articles like that would help all of us to know something more about our own province."

The idea met with immediate enthusiasm, and with the January issue we will begin just such a series. One thousand to twelve hundred words will be the length we desire, with one picture if it is a good one. Perhaps your home town should be better known. If you think so, there is nothing to prevent you writing an article and sending it in. We'd be tickled to death if "everyone wants to get into the act."

Because of the somewhat early appearance of the October issue we are not able to announce the winners of the contest for articles on *Town Planning to Meet Alberta's*

*Present and Future Problems* just now. However, some fine entries were received, and the judges are even now deliberating. Our January number, appearing about December 15th, will carry a full report.

And finally, we would like to remind all our readers once again that STET, though a University of Alberta Students' Union

publication, has for its purpose the creation of encouragement and opportunity for new writers and artists, not merely in university, but throughout the province, and for readers everywhere an interesting Alberta magazine. With luck, with your help, and with our own best endeavors we hope to merit some measure of success.

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### THE PROFESSOR



*"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan . . ."*



# What Should Be Done



## With the Comics

by

J. G. Gordon

IN the last few years there has been an ever-increasing outcry from organizations and individuals all over the continent concerning the frightful influence for evil that the comics supposedly have on the younger generation. What has precipitated this uproar? Have the "funny"-papers suddenly become more violent and sadistic? The answer to the latter question appears to me to be definitely in the negative when I remember some of the pulp I spent my pennies on before the war. Then it appears that many people have commenced their tirade against comic books just because it is a nice new crusade. But this does not entirely answer our first question. Undoubtedly more comic-books are being sold than ever before, and therefore the crusaders make sure we hear of more so-called "comic-book crimes", and the more "comic-book crimes" reported, the louder the outcry.

Every child reads the comics. that much can be said without fear of contradiction. And so, following every crime committed by a boy or girl, we are told that it occurred because he or she was a comic-book "addict". This argument is obviously poppy-cock. It would be just as reasonable to say that all child crimes were caused by eating ice-cream or listening to "The Adventures of Ripp Lawson" on the radio. No human behavior can be pinned down as the effect of one minute field of influence. Comic-books, like any reading matter, will have some effect on the actions of our small-fry, but certainly no more than the radio or the movies. It is argued that individual scenes in the comics give rise to similar crimes, and

"proof" is produced by the revealing of court evidence. But can you really believe that a *normal* boy or girl on reading of an ingenious murder immediately experiences a longing to go forth and do likewise? I maintain that any child who feels like this is definitely sub-normal before he or she comes in contact with the comics.

Government censorship of all comics—as usually proposed by the crusaders—looks uncomfortably like the thin end of the wedge of curtailment of freedom of the press. We already have statutes in force preventing the publication of any lewd or obscene material; that is all well and good. But who is to say how violent a story may be before people are forbidden to read it? If the crusaders *are* right, and censorship *is* necessary because of the influence this type of literature exerts, then I certainly would not want to live next door to the censor. His reading might suggest to him it would be great fun to tie me to my bed and set fire to my house as "One-eyed Mac" did in the latest issue of "Bloody Stories". Censorship of comics alone (and it is inconceivable to think of it being enforced on *all* reading or picture material) would necessitate the defining of the term. It can readily be seen that a legal definition of "comics" would be well-nigh impossible to formulate without leaving sufficient loopholes for the ambitious publisher, anxious to fulfill a definite demand, to slip through. The obvious subterfuges thus produced, would very likely create a poorer brand of picture-story than ever.

All of which brings us to the point of



asking: why is it bad for children to read about crime? This reminds me of a psychological experiment carried out some time ago in the U.S., in which a child was cloistered at an early age and brought up for ten or fifteen years without being permitted to know anything of death. She was never even allowed to see a flower wither and die. The unfortunate result was that when she eventually came out into the world and realized that nothing lived forever, as she had been led to suppose, the shock was so great that she killed herself. To keep a boy or girl from knowing anything about crime, it would be necessary not only to keep him from comic-books, but also from the newspaper, the radio, the theatre, the art-gallery, the museum, and countless other influences. Furthermore, morals can only be developed by the realization that there is "wrong" and "right", and by the gradual accumulation of information as to which is which in various situations. I have never yet seen a comic-book which glorified crime or the criminal; in fact, it seems to me that they always make a particular point of showing "Dirty Dick" getting his just deserts. The hero, who appeals particularly to the inherent hero-worship apparent in every boy, is usually a clean-living, well-built sleuth; and like the shipwrecked Mariner in Kipling's Just-So Stories; a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.

From all the foregoing it may appear that I am praising the comics. This is not altogether true, although I do feel that their method of presenting materials has

been too greatly under-estimated for educational purposes. Don't we all prefer a book with pictures and conversations to one with none, no matter what the subject? I feel that the recent sensible trend towards increased visual-education for children would do well to consider seriously the limited use of the comic-strip style. Soldier-training during the war showed how valuable this method can be, if applied with common-sense and some reserve. The main fault I have to find with the comics then, is not the fact that they exist, but that, to too many children they are the only reading material that does exist. These children read comics in substitution for the many and various better children's stories, and because of the little effort needed to absorb them, their reading ability is impaired. We know that this is a serious loss to the individual and tends to curtail his educational advancement. Thus I would suggest that it is up to parents to limit the number of comic-books their children read; in the same way that they set a limit to any other recreation; at the same time encouraging the child to develop his own interests and preferences in the field of more absorbing literature. Too much of one thing, whether it be detective stories, comic-books, mathematics, or dill-pickles, tends to limit anyone's field of vision and thus restrict his education and personality. I have no desire to make the comics unattractive; I enjoy them too much myself; but they must be regarded in their true proportions and used accordingly.



# POEMS

By The  
UNIVERSITY POETRY GROUP



## *Were It Not That I Have Bad Dreams*

How does a woman's hair get mixed up in all this?  
Ugrowing hair in independent curls  
That slip upright again from underneath your hand?  
Easy to see why English lanes and London blackouts  
Get mixed up with the hair,  
Why the Windmill and blackberries in the hedge,  
Why Sunday mornings without church parade  
And the chambermaid waiting till noon to make the beds.  
But why these other things?  
The guns' quick sitback on their haunches  
And forward lunge of saurian necks  
After the spat out shell,  
That poor damned German dying in the sugar beet  
Who tried to smile at me for killing him  
And couldn't with his mouth stuffed full of blood.  
"Wie geht's mit ihm?" the hesitant concern  
Of the survivor apologetic to be alive,  
"Kaput." I hadn't German enough to say "Too bad."  
And now I won't even go out hunting ducks—  
Although I'd kill them just the same again,  
The dead one hit between the eyes and no head left  
Behind his ears, the dying one  
With both hands on the six or seven holes  
Ripped in his middle, taking it that I  
Was on the back deck of the gun again  
And they in ambush in the sugar beets.  
Or were they only hiding?  
Why not surrender when I yelled "Heraus!"  
Before I started hammering with the bren?  
Poor stupid bastards, they might have been alive  
With still a little time between their mother's milk  
And that black pit they shove us all into  
Maugre the parson's pious hopes.  
And now I'd just as soon not shoot a duck  
And spent some fifteen minutes with a wasp,  
Maneuvering him into a cup with paper over  
To get him on the right side of the window pane.  
How did a woman's hair get mixed up in all this?

J. K. Heath.

## *Men,*

I know a lot of them,  
I understand the plot of them,  
But one thing I would like to find is

ONE  
MAN  
WHO

. . Would please neglect to mention, his honourable intention,  
Until the maid had time to revel in delirious suspense,  
Or if he be not quite the one, give her a chance to have some fun,  
For things boiled down to "Yes" or "No" are cold and much too tense.

. . Would tell her she is more than fair, and treat her like a thing most rare  
But when it comes to loving, boldly claims his due,  
For some affection now and then, is relished by the wisest men,  
And women who are wiser like it too.

. . Enjoys a girl who's not moronic, stimulating though platonic,  
Finds her playful and a tonic, too, at times,  
Though she be a reference book, does not leave her in a nook,  
And on some glamour girl spend all his dimes.

. . Does not fear a hidden snare when romance is in the air,  
But accepts it as a gift of life instead,  
Enjoys it while it lasts, forgets it when it's past,  
And courageously prunes off a love that's dead.

Men,  
This I suggest to them,  
But I'll make the best of them,

Ah, men.

C. van der Mark and G. Webber.



## *Concert*

Think it no shame  
To worship here  
Where beauty like light  
Falling from some celestial font  
Cascades upon the ear.  
It was even so Old Adam  
Knew his Maker near  
When birds broke the stillness  
Of the garden, singing anthems.

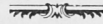
Hu Smith.

## *Anthology*

As through a book of poetry I turn  
The leaves of men and life, I watch the dates  
All neatly bracketed beside the name  
Of each poet. Dates that limit, setting  
The space, the dash between aspiring tumultuous  
Birth and calm death marking a period  
To life and work. The brackets of the known  
Great are full. They are the serene ones,  
They are the quiet, happy ones who rest  
In fame among the deathless dead secure.

Here are the quick: restless, straining in course,  
Watching the half-filled bracket, the smug  
Blank space waiting to rack them up.  
To them the race. The day is theirs to win,  
And rest secure, if they succeed, amidst  
The quiet, honored seats of dateless men.

Keith Johnstone.



## *To a Woman*

*or*

### *Why I am Still a Bachelor*

Love you?—dancing to your puppet strings?  
“Beg, Sir! Sit up! Lie down, dog Tray!”  
Love you! On butterfly, not eagle wings!  
“Begone! Come back Be far away.”

Oh master, dazzle you! yet set my course,  
Watching a weather vane of whim,  
And tack about with infinite resource  
To keep my slacking canvas trim.

Be mad for you—but have no jealousy  
Because you must have choice, be free,  
Yet dance attendance no less zealously—  
Oh Gracious One to look at me!

Oh, for the rain wind setting in the east,  
The wet rain's cold lucidity;  
Ah, for the raw pure passion of the beast,  
Its sexual simplicity.

J. K. Heath.

## *Love Affair*

Looking from the window  
Into the gloomy street of jumbled dwellings, bricks, and dump,  
And night advancing like a hawk with darkening wings,  
She spoke the words of ending,  
Her will keeping hands calm and head high.

Then he must go,  
Nor come again, she said,  
Her profile clean and fine against the dark pane.  
Since it could never be,  
Then he must go, she said.

Striding down the murky corridor  
That reeked of poverty  
And stale odours from stew pots,  
Past dank dark rooms  
Where snoring night-shift laborers clutched at sleep till midnight,  
Stumbling on the rickety stairs,  
He heard her call his name.

A moment hung between them,  
Bewilderment that this could be.  
Above him on a step, she paused  
And no words came.

More beseeching than a cry,  
More grieving than tears,  
The bend of his head and the droop of his shoulders,  
The shadowed hollows of his face  
Smudged darkly under the dull light.  
Long and loose-limbed  
He leaned at the angle of the shabby stairs,  
His face with its dark smudged shadows  
More beseeching than a cry.

A moment hung between them  
Severed with his sudden turning downwards,  
Plunging into darkness.  
The door,  
The street,  
And numb wandering into emptiness.  
She heard receding footsteps,  
The door crash shut,  
And hollow lonely echoes ringing down the years.

*Christine van der Mark.*



## *Timepiece*

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.  
Clock, is not your nasty carefulness enough?  
Like a sedulous official with a manner artificial  
Must you clatter, patter with your tick-tock chatter?  
God knows you always win,  
Why must you rub it in  
With your tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,  
And your smug purring chimes.

Keith Johnstone.



## *Noontime Concert*

Each devotee  
Of sonorous harmony  
Here worshipping  
Has gathered odd  
Job lots of fabric,  
Form and physiognomy  
For god;  
But sound's suggestive rubric  
Standardizes sod.

Hu Smith.

## *Sudden Disgust*

Only humans subsist naked  
The far-flung plaudits of advantage  
Send cerebral effort  
Openly to Hades,  
While consecrated fire,  
Acacias architecturally elite,  
And even poplars find  
A final triumph over mind.

Hu Smith.

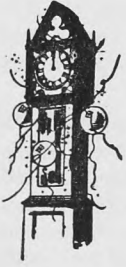


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# KISSING DAY

by Evelyn Cameron

**T**HE big white house where the Indian Agent lived and which was home to me for so many years, stood square and substantial in spacious grounds guarded by the tall spruce trees that stood like dark sentinels, ever on the watch.

The whole agency with its row of white staff buildings, the office, the big agency house, and, to one side, the little white church, where services were held every Sunday, had a background of lovely hills in horseshoe shape. In the summer they were green with spruce and poplar. In the spring the islands of Saskatoon bushes on the hill-sides were white with blossoms, but in the autumn they glowed in red, yellow and bronze adding beauty to the picture of peaceful isolation which never failed to fascinate visitors whenever they saw it.

In the winter when deep snow covered the hills and the hoarfrost sparkled on the trees, it was a picture well worth the artist's brush.

To spend nearly twenty years in a place like that, among the Indians in the Canadian Northwest, was an interesting experience, and many are the stories that could be told of life in the hinterland.

The Indians love meetings and holidays, and one of the greatest days of the year to them is New Year's day. Whether this is due to the Scotch who settled there in the early days I do not know, but be that as it may, there is no doubt they left their mark, for one finds Treaty Indians with characteristic names such as Archibald McDonald and Alexander Sinclair.

Kissing day, (Ochaytu Kisikow) as the Indians call New Year's day, is a wonderful day, as one Indian told me the day after,

"Yesterday much happy New Year, me kiss hundred squaws."

From dawn to dark they travel from house to house wishing each other and most

of the white people living near, a happy New Year. They are all dressed in their fanciest garments, many of the men and boys in beaded buckskin coats and fancy beaded moccasins, and the girls and women in beaded skirts and blouses in gay colors. Orange and purple seem to vie with red in popularity, and all the women and girls have their faces painted, streaks of red down the cheeks, or a bright scarlet patch on each cheek, and of course the bright red lips copied from the white girls, the lip-stick applied with great generosity. Some look quite pretty with their shiny blue-black hair sleekly parted in the middle and worn in two long braids, usually with some bright ornament fastened in here and there, or a scarlet ribbon tied around the head.

The whole family, even the tiny babies in mossbags, is loaded into the sleigh box and made snug and warm by putting hay in the bottom and covering up with rabbit robes, blankets, and home-made comforters, for the day is often bitterly cold and the children get sleepy. When all are packed in, they start on their rounds with jingling sleighbells no matter what the weather is like.

Of course no one would dream of letting the visitors leave without refreshments and when they pay their yearly visit to the Sonia-Okemow (money chief) as the Indian agent is called in Cree, they expect to be royally treated. One year I remember over forty Indians came to wish us a happy New Year.

Knowing the New Year's custom and what to expect, we were well prepared with raisin buns, cakes, cookies and sandwiches, candies for the women and children, smokes and tobacco for both men and women and of course tea for all.

I nearly always had an Indian girl to help in the house. She usually came direct

to us from one of the Indian Residential schools, after she had finished her training.

That year I had Flora Jackknife. She was, to me, the nicest girl anyone could have. She had a lovely mind, always seeing the bright side and the beauty of things. She had learned a number of pretty songs, and it was heartening to hear Flora's deep voice softly singing "The Woodpecker's Song" or some other little ditty as she went about her work.

Flora and I had decorated the large dining room. The big Christmas tree in the corner glistened, the star of hope on its highest branch. The long table was covered with a gay Christmas cloth, stacks of cups and saucers, plates of cookies, dishes of candy, and in the middle of the table a centre piece made of a small birchlog trimmed with cones and ribbon and holding two red candles. It all combined to give the room a festive appearance. We were ready to give the whole day from dawn to dusk to the Indian celebration.

On New Year's morning we were up quite early. Daylight was just breaking over the hills and across the fields. The Union Jack had been put up on the tall flagpole in front of the house and was slowly unfurling in the lazy morning breeze.

We had just finished a fortifying breakfast when we heard a knock at the kitchen door. It was Yah-Yah the old buffalo hunter. He was bowlegged from much riding and always wore a large ten gallon hat. His son told me that he always slept with his tom-tom and hat beside his bed and that every morning, as soon as he woke, he would reach for his hat and drum, put his hat on his head and start to beat the tom-tom. After that "Mitsuen" (food). No morning shower or dressing bothered Yah-Yah, after mitsuen he was ready for the day and it occurred to me, that New Year's morning, that he hadn't even waited for mitsuen he was so horribly early. Fortunately the kettle was boiling, so it was only minutes before the old fellow was having tea and sandwiches and smokes. As he was contentedly puffing away on his short pipe, Jimmy Canepotato came in with his wife and children.

Canepotato was a tall stalwart Indian with a broad smile on his dark brown face, and long black braids. His wife was a very

comely squaw who spoke no English, but smiled a shy smile as she shook hands, and the children grinned as they were ushered to the table.

Yah-Yah, who by this time was ready to leave, stood up and solemnly shook hands with us all, then, just as solemnly, planted a resounding kiss on Mrs. Canepotato's rosy cheek. He then turned to Canepotato, and shaking his hand heartily greeted him with a lusty, "Kinwas Kowee Pematsin," (May you live long.)

Two young girls with their parents were next, and the girls were wearing the most beautiful moccasins that I have ever seen. They were almost kneehigh and beaded solidly in fancy designs and vivid colors. The moccasins were small and the exact fit, and very trimly tied to show the neat ankle and the form of the leg. These girls were typical, black hair, smooth olive complexions and well painted faces. They wore beaded capes over their shoulders and gay skirts with beaded borders. They held their heads down as if very shy, or modest, or both, and yet their dark eyes darting hither and yon never missed a thing. After they had finished their tea, they even took a cigarette each and smoked it in a surreptitious manner.

I also remember Adelaide Callingbull coming to show me her baby girl just five months old. The baby looked more like the sweetest little Oriental doll than anything else I could think of. Dressed all in blue with a beaded bonnet and tiny beaded moccasins, her black hair cut in a straight fringe across the forehead, she had bright black eyes and cheeks as rosy as winter apples. I complimented Adelaide on her beautiful baby and she smiled a happy smile, her whole face lighting up. She was a nice big woman with a round jovial face, and weighed 288 lbs. on the Ration House scale. In spite of her tremendous weight she was active and light on her feet, and was also very kindhearted. She brought me a gift, a pair of small beaded moccasins to pin on my coat lapel.

At noon there was a lull. Our pretty dining room was a sorry mess. Tea had been spilled on the gay cloth, bits of orange peel, paper and crumbs on the floor, as well as cigarette ashes. I looked at Flora. Flora laughed.

"I'll soon clean it up," she said.

"All right, here's a clean cloth. I'll get lunch while you fix this."

Happily she went to work and very soon had everything once more in applepie order.

We had scarcely finished a hasty lunch, when Mike Mountain came in with his very good looking young squaw carrying their papoose in a red vlevel mossbag beautifully beaded. The baby was lovely and clean, and the white head covering elaborately trimmed with lace.

"What a lovely baby! What do you call him, Mrs. Mountain?"

"Stanley Ross." She smiled proudly. "He very good baby too."

"I am sure he is when you take such good care of him. Flora, please give Mrs. Mountain and her husband tea."

A couple of awkward teen age girls came in with another young squaw who was a striking contrast to Mrs. Mountain. Mrs. Christine was homely and dirty and her seven month old baby, also in a mossbag and wearing a fancy hood, had a very dirty face. When Christine noticed that I was looking at the baby's dirty face she smiled and said in a matter of fact way.

"He didn't even get time to wash his face this morning."

One of the girls handed me a note "From my mudder."

I read: "My baby was a cherub is now a silver cow does it matter? Pliss tell Isabel." I read it again and wondered, "What does she mean?" I looked at Isabel hopefully but her face was non-committal. A thought occurred to me!

"Flora, please ask Isabel if her mother feeds the baby with a bottle."

Flora asked Isabel in Cree and then said, "Yes, she feeds the baby with a bottle; she gives him canned milk."

Then, I knew, she had been getting the "Cherub" brand of canned milk, and now could get only the "Silver Cow" brand and wondered if there was any difference. Poor woman. I hastily assured Isabel it didn't matter, the Silver Cow was all right, and Isabel happily sat down to lunch while Flora parcelled up some buns and cookies for her to take home to her mother.

One big Indian, who did a lot of trapping and who modestly described himself as the topmost hunter of the Reserve, told me he had recently caught one Silver and two Red Foxes.

"I got new radio for Silver Fox," he said, "fine radio big as a cupboard."

With him was Joe Littlewolf, the medicine man, who spoke fairly good English, and who really was a great friend of mine. Nevertheless, I always had to watch him when I visited the sick. Joe would administer his Indian medicine and then call for help and get, what he called, white medicine as well. I tried to explain that one kind or the other might be all right, but not both kinds at the same time. Littlewolf understood.

"Ha-Huh," he would say, "Me know, white medicine and Indian medicine fight." And to emphasize his statement he expressively crossed one forefinger over the other one—hard. However, when visiting a sick person, if I saw Joe Littlewolf or Big Mary in the offing I always snooped around to find the Indian medicine and nearly always discovered it.

On New Year's day, though, all unpleasant things were forgotten and only the friendliest relations existed as we served gallons of tea, shook hands and called out hearty greetings to all.

The afternoon was nearly spent, Flora and I were standing at the door saying goodbye to some parting guests, when we suddenly heard the chiming of more bells and out of the twilight we saw approaching a team and sleigh. A man, a woman, and a boy came in. It was William Vivier and his family who, even if a little late, wanted to bring their greetings for a good New Year.

William always reminded me of a stork, he was so very tall and thin and seemed to have such extraordinarily long legs. He always wore long woollen stockings pulled up over his trousers and tied firmly at the knee which made his legs look longer and thinner than ever. He also had the most peculiar habit, when he was talking, of resting his right foot on his left knee which gave him the appearance of having just one very long leg. He spoke very good English and loved to use long words and medical terms learned in the early days

when he used to drive the Department Doctor on his rounds.

Well, William and his wife, who was half Eskimo, came in followed by young Sammy. They sat down, and by the look of William and the very disgusted, anxious look on his wife's face, it was at once apparent that they had visited too often and been treated far too well. William was as drunk as a lord. In a little while the warm room after the cold drive began to have its effect and William's head bobbed lower and lower between his knees. His wife gave him a push. He sat up, ashamed. But soon the same thing happened over again. Feeling sorry, and wishing to help one who was so gallantly and unsuccessfully trying to do his duty I asked,

"William, would you like a strong cup of coffee?"

He immediately sat up stiffly and looking me straight in the eyes answered firmly and with great dignity.

"No thank you. Since I had my last attacks of gastritis I never take anything stronger than milk."

So the day passed, and the sleighbells jingled, and the snow crunched as some came and some went. There was laughter and much talk in the native tongue. Dusk was falling at last and soon all was still.

I looked out of the window across the field to where the little white church stood. In the dark blue winter sky the moon like a disc of living silver shone majestically, and above the moon, a brilliant star.

Another New Year's day was ended.



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# THE TWO CARPENTERS

BY C. S. BAWDEN

THE room was dark and very warm; only the laboured wheezing of the sick man broke the stuffy silence. His blue lips and wan face seemed ghostly in the flickering light of the fireplace. His wife sat silently by the bedside, hunched under her worn shawl, the long vigil of the past week written on her tired, wrinkled face. She stared unseeingly at the floor.

"Wull the doctor be comin' the nicht, Meg?" The voice came from an elderly man seated in the shadows by the fireplace. The old woman started up at the words, and then settled back resignedly again.

"Aye. I doot there's much he can dae. The delerium's feenished for the noo, but the fever hasna' drappit."

"Thank God he's no ravin' ony mair. Whut is it that he's no feenished?"

"The new lectern for the kirk, Bob. He wanted tae have it done for the Easter sairvices. It's on his mind, y'ken."

"Imphm. He was aye a guid man tae the kirk." The two dropped into silence again. Old Peter moaned and then continued his stertorous wheezing. He was a very sick old man, caught in the strangling toils of pneumonia. He was the town's oldest and best carpenter, loved by all who knew him, and a master at his trade. A dour old Scot, he often seemed gruff and abrupt, but the children of the town could always be sure of a peppermint from 'Old Peter'. There wasn't a home in Auchterlechie that did not contain some evidence of the old man's skill. Expensive woods, drawn to their fullest beauty by delicate finishing, went into all his work. He was poor, for the prices he charged were ridiculously low; others might change their prices, but Old Peter's were always the same. Now it looked as if he might never again enter the little shop at the rear of his cottage.

A gentle rap roused the drowsy watchers. Meg shuffled over to the door, and as she opened it two men entered, one with a small bag. Meg glanced at the second newcomer. He was a man a little over thirty, with a kindly face and eyes that had a trace of sadness in them. The old woman did not seem to recognize him. The doctor spoke.

"How is he the nicht, Meg?"

"He's no delerious."

"Guid." Meg lit a small lamp on the mantel as the doctor bent over his patient. The others watched in silence. Suddenly Old Peter sat bolt-upright in bed, his sunken eyes wild and staring. "It's no' feenished!" he cried, as Bob and the doctor struggled to keep him in bed. "It's no feenished, Ah tell ye! Dinna haud me; Ah'm late the noo!" The struggle continued, while Meg watched, wringing her hands. Suddenly the patient stiffened, lay still, and relaxed with a wheezing sigh. A sob burst from the old woman. "He's gane!" she cried. "He's deid!" She stumbled forward and would have fallen, had not the stranger caught her.

"Hush, Meg, hush! He's no deid; he's sleeping." The quiet authority of his voice reassured the old woman. Her eyes questioned the doctor as he straightened up from the bed. He nodded, looking searchingly at the young man who had stepped back from Meg.

"Aye", he said, "he's sleepin'. The crisis is past. His fever should be nearly gone in the mornin'." Bob and Meg bent over to listen to the patient's soft breathing, as the doctor returned his instruments to his bag. The sound of a closing door drew his attention, and he looked up. The stranger was gone.

Meg suddenly remembered the doctor, and laid a wrinkled old hand on his arm. "Ye'll stay for a cup o' tea, Doctor? It'll no' be a

meenit, and your friend . . ." Her voice trailed off, as she noticed the stranger was missing. "Whar's he gane?" The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"I dinna ken. I'd not seen him till I came in. Ah thocht he was some friend o' Peter's."

"But he came in wi' ye, doctor!"

"Did he? I didna realize it." They sat down to the tea and cakes that Meg put on the table, still discussing the strange visitor. Later, the conversation drifted to other topics and the hours slipped by. Finally the doctor rose to leave. He entered the sick-room for a last look at his old friend, wan and weakened, but sleeping soundly. He returned to the kitchen.

"He'll be a'richt noo," he reassured Meg. "Keep him warm and quiet. You're stayin' the nicht, Bob?" The neighbour nodded. "Guid. I dinna think the delerium will come back, but 'tis better you stay. Guid-nicht." He let himself out.

Bob and Meg began to doze. Suddenly there was a sharp rapping at the door, and before Meg could get to it, the doctor burst in.

"It's him, the strange laddie! He's oot in the shop,—workin'!" The old woman and her companion tumbled out of the door after the doctor. He cautioned them to silence, and led the way around to the rear of the cottage. A light showed from the windows of Old Peter's shop, and the three crept up and peered inside. What they saw drew an involuntary gasp.

"I'll be dashed! He's almost feenished it!" whispered Bob. "It will be ready for the Easter sairvices!"

"Aye," answered the doctor, softly. "But watch him. He works just like Peter. Wherever he learnt his trade, he's a guid carpenter."

In the light of two big lanterns, the

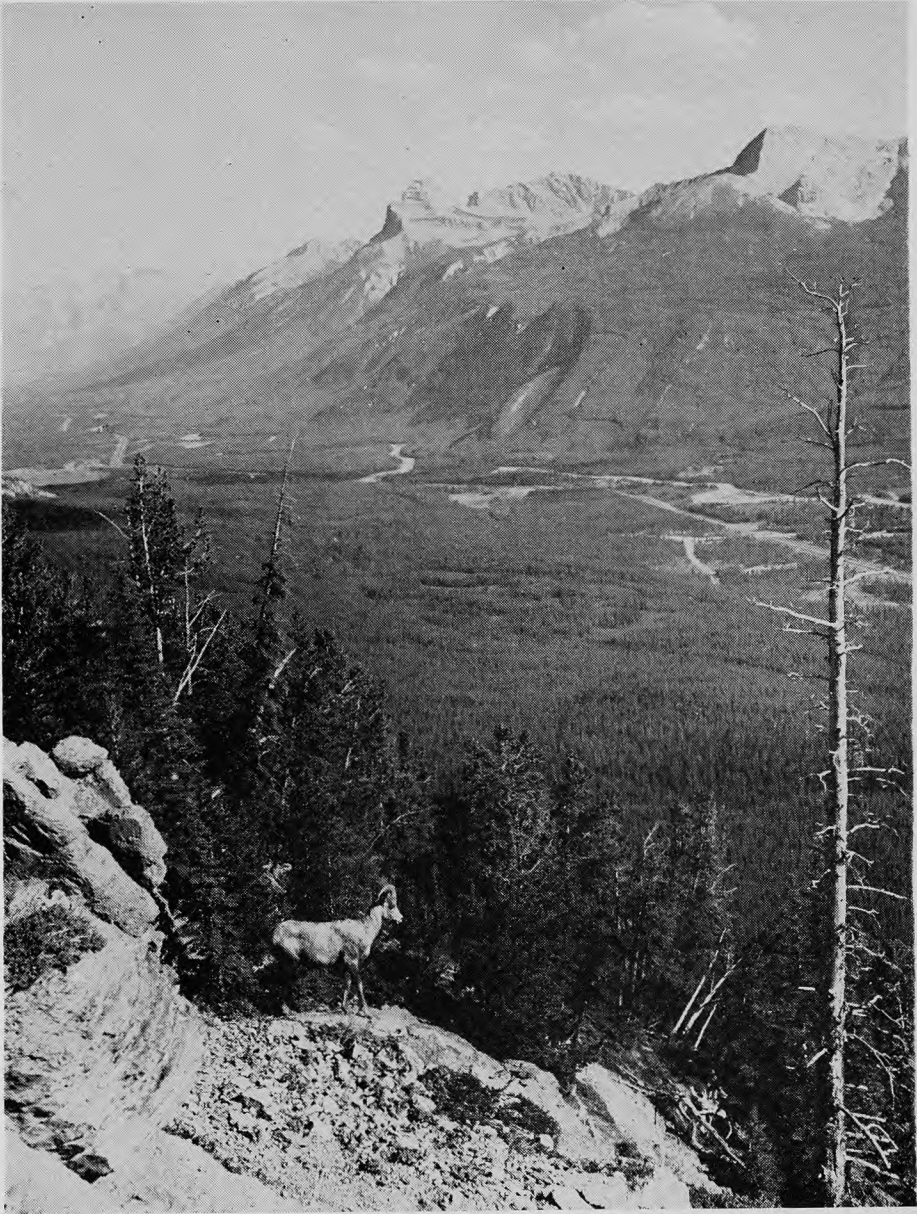
stranger was working swiftly, but carefully. Each piece of wood was dressed and fitted meticulously, the joins barely visible. Occasionally he would pause and fondle a piece of material, running his hand caressingly over a bit of oak, or holding up a piece of rosewood to examine the fine grain and to catch the delicate fragrance. Sometimes, too, he would gaze at a tool lying in his hand and stare unseeingly for a few moments, his serious face more pensive than usual as if his thoughts were far away. Then suddenly he would stir himself from his reverie, and return to his task with renewed vigor. He was evidently enjoying himself, for a trace of a smile played about the corners of his mouth as he worked. He had done some carving on the lectern, a small bit in the corners of the panelling on the front. It was an ancient design; simple, yet one that held beauty in its very simplicity. Done in teak, with a lighter background of satinwood, it gave the lectern a happy combination of beauty and severity that was exactly right.

The watchers held their place until the stranger was nearly finished. He had only one small piece of trim to fit in its place when the doctor spoke. "Ah'm goin' tae find oot who he is. Come on." The three shadowy figures moved round to the door of the shop, and the doctor rapped loudly. "Open the door!" he called, and they listened. There was a sound of movement in the shop, and then silence. An owl hooted. The wind rustled lightly in the trees. The doctor tried the door, and it swung open.

The shop was empty.

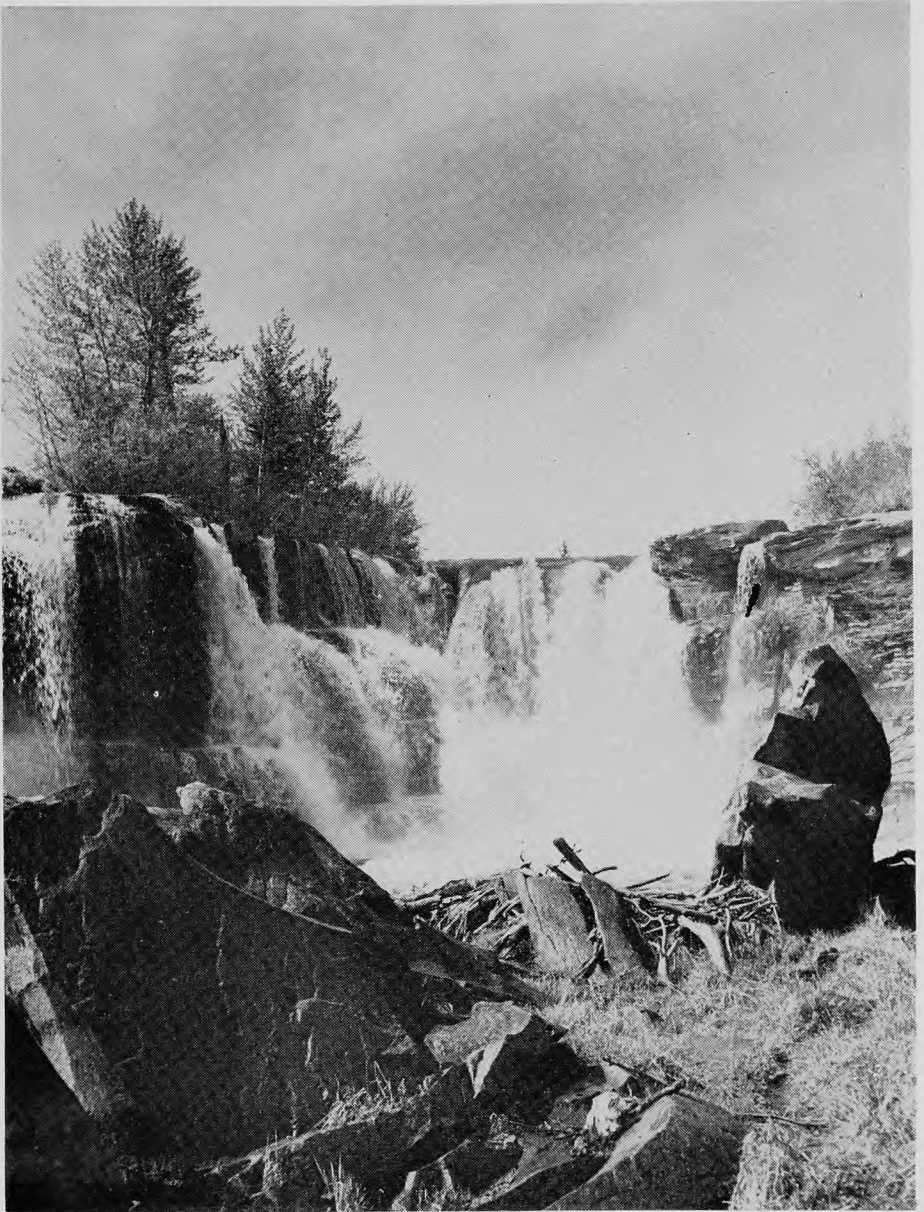
If you go to Auchterlechie today, they will tell you the story of the two carpenters, and in the small stone church you can see the lectern, beautiful in design and workmanship, with just one small piece of trim missing from its top.





AT THE BASE OF MT. EISENHOWER.

Alberta Government Photo.



LUNDBRECK FALLS, NEAR PINCHER CREEK.

Alberta Government Photo.





WATERTON LAKES.

Alberta Government Photo.





LIEUT. G. B. McKILLOP, SARCEE, 1943.

Official Army Photo, M.D. 13.

# The Muster Roll

(Of Albertans who, without benefit of high position or of great wealth, have made significant contributions to the life and civilization of the West.)

## 3. George Bremner McKillop, M.B.E., E.D.

by Peter Roberts

ANY Lethbridge person could have told me (and I should have realized myself) that it is a fool's errand to look for George McKillop in his home on a fine summer's evening. Mrs. McKillop and her daughter Dorothy laughed at me.

"George is never at home in the summertime," they said.

"But this is the vacation—teachers are supposed to be resting and gathering their strength for the approaching ordeal."

"Ordeal!" exclaimed Mrs. McKillop. "George loves kids. At this very moment he's looking after a whole camp full of them at Waterton, and wild horses couldn't drag him away. He might come home on Saturday night if someone relieves him at the camp."

On Saturday night I presented myself again at the McKillop home, to find Mr. McKillop in his easy chair—a chair, I might add, which he rarely occupies. He greeted me warmly, as he does all his old students.

"I came home at four o'clock this morning," he told me. "Two of the girls at camp were taken sick—the nurse thought it might be appendix—so I loaded them in the car and took them home. One lived up at Parkland, and since they didn't get sick until ten in the evening, we were a bit late arriving home."

I did some hasty calculation, and found that a trip to Parkland would add something like one hundred miles to the distance from Waterton to Lethbridge. The whole incident is so characteristic of George McKillop that I think it worth recording. His own time, energy and ability are nothing to him until they are put into the service of other people.

George McKillop is the director of physical education in the Lethbridge public schools—that, at least, is his official title, by which he is known to every boy and girl or man and woman who has gone through the Lethbridge schools since 1920. Other people know him in a variety of ways. Some think of George McKillop as the chairman of the playgrounds commission, others come into contact with him as superintendent of Southminster United Sunday School ("I don't say the prayers; I just give the orders"), a great many children associate "Kilty" with the Canyon Church Camp, which he organizes and directs during the summer holidays when teachers are "resting". Thousands of boys and men remember him as the first, and by far the most sympathetic military drill instructor they have ever had. Old timers in the city can remember George McKillop in the days before the first World War, when he was provincial wrestling champion, and a member of most of the teams which brought athletic renown to Lethbridge. Not a few middle-aged men, now suffering from ulcers and overweight, watch George McKillop outrun high school boys on the football field, and think of the days when they too could run, and played on the team with him. Many knew him during the war as the man who showed them how to splint broken legs in St. John's Ambulance first-aid classes. The entire city recognizes him as a friend; the children refuse to recognize him as a school teacher.

George McKillop's father was the Rev. Charles McKillop, who came in 1885 from Ontario to Lethbridge when the town's principal interests were the illicit liquor traffic and the departure of the Macleod stage. For sixty years since then the Mc-

Killop family has given faithful, and usually unrewarded, service to the community.

I asked Mr. McKillop how he first came to be interested in physical education, and particularly in teaching it.

"The first break came during the First World War," he recollected, "before I enlisted and while I was still at high school. I spent most of my time in the Y.M.C.A. in those days—that was when the 'Y' was still a new thing—and I had done some instructing there. My spare time was taken up with selling the Lethbridge Herald (I was among their first newsboys). Then the regular P.T. instructor in the Lethbridge schools joined the army, and I was asked to take over part of his duties. That was the start of it. I enlisted in the army towards the end of the war, came back with no certain plan, and particularly none of teaching. In 1920 the city was again without an instructor of physical education, and offered me the job—mainly, I suppose, because of my experience in the 'Y' and my part-time work during the war. I had no idea how well I liked teaching as a permanent thing, but I took the job, and I love it."

He stopped, folded his hands behind his head, and laughed—an easy, sane laugh that makes one feel the world is going to be all right after all. "I certainly never thought of myself as a school teacher," he said.

"Mr. McKillop," I asked him, "will you tell me what you think of physical education as it is taught, or supposed to be taught, in this province?"

"Our methods of teaching P.T. (Mr. McKillop still refers to his subject as P.T., for he feels, in spite of the educational Progressivists, that it is more a training than it is education) have changed so much in the last few years that those who went to school more than five years ago would never recognize the course we give now as the same 'physical jerks' to which they were subjected. But we still have a great many improvements to make. Look at the miserable bit of time devoted in school to physical exercise. Surely bodily health is worth more than two half-hour sessions each week. If we were allowed to have the children for one-half to three-quarters of

an hour every day, we could build up their bodies to an appreciable extent. As it is, we can show them what they ought to do, but the only ones who follow our advice are those who would do the work without it."

"What about the training itself," I enquired. "How is it different from the sort of thing I was exposed to?"

"Just as different as it can be," replied Mr. McKillop. "When you took P.T. we used to march you down to the basement, line you up with your classmates, and make you stretch and jerk until you were completely exhausted. That's all gone. We try now to put the emphasis upon rhythmical body movements—natural body movements, in other words, rather than upon violent stretches and jerks which might be actually harmful."

George McKillop laughed again. "But you know what kids are," he said. "They love to expend their energy, but they hate to expend it in monotonous and repetitive drills, no matter how rhythmical they may be. If the kids aren't interested in what they're doing, or if the activity doesn't stimulate them with some inherent quality of its own, there is no good done by persisting in the exercise. My answer to the problem is games. I generally give high school students ten or twelve minutes of hard calisthenic work, not allowing them to 'cool down' between exercises, but carrying on from one to the next. Then we spend the rest of the period at some organized sport which keeps them all busy all the time. The important thing in P.T. is that there be activity, and that everyone participate in it."

One of the most important, and best known, parts of George McKillop's work since he joined the staff in 1920, has been his cadet corps. He has a firm conviction, and maintains it in spite of some hostility, that military training is good for adolescent boys.

"What happened to the cadet corps during the 'twenties," I asked him, "when the pacifist movement was so strong, and there was so much bitter opposition to the military in any form?"

"Officially," he replied, "it disappeared. There were so many people—influential people, too—declining against cadet training that the school board finally decided to remove it from the curriculum, and did so. But there was a slip-up somewhere, for I

never did receive official instruction to disband the corps, so I maintained it about as it had always been—except that we kept out of the public eye. As soon as things began to look bad again in the early 'thirties, the pacifist movement lost ground. It wasn't long before our activities became legitimate again—in the meantime I had trained two or three thousand boys who would otherwise not have been trained. Altogether I have put about six thousand boys through the training. Most of them have found it interesting and profitable, I think.

"Of course the war was our busy time with the cadets. Very few people in the community thought the training should be abolished at that time. Besides the regular training in school hours, to which all the boys were subjected, I conducted a great many classes at night and after four o'clock for those who were interested. The boys seemed to develop a great interest in signalling and first-aid, which I taught for two or three nights each week during the school term. Twice a week I held target-shooting classes, which were tremendously popular, and on Saturday mornings some of the cadets took instruction from the local reserve unit, using regular artillery equipment. I had to keep up with the military times, of course, and did during the summers by attending regular army camps for instructors."

"What are your objectives in teaching P.T. and in giving cadet instruction?" I asked.

"The purpose of Physical Training, in spite of everything you may hear and read to the contrary, is to build up bodily health, and good physical habits. There are those who will claim everything else for it—development of good mental habits, of cultural and aesthetic insight, of social awareness—and there may be some truth in what they say. I attempt first, though, to develop the bodies of my students. It is not at all the most important course the schools have to offer, but it is one of the important courses and need not be apologized for by making it what it is not. As I teach, I try to instil certain ideals of sportsmanship, and certain standards of conduct, but I don't consider them to be as important as physical development—in my work, that is.

"As for cadet instruction, I should say that my objectives are two: first, to give boys some idea of discipline—both the kind which someone is probably going eventually to inflict upon them, and the kind which they must sooner or later inflict upon themselves; and second, to give them some idea of their responsibilities to their country in the event of war. I don't think the boys emerge from their training any more blood-thirsty than they came in, but they may emerge with some knowledge of arms, and some realization of what they are expected to do in an emergency. Besides, there are physical values in the training, and good experience, for the boys come into contact with a new aspect of life. I'm sorry that cadet training in school time has been discontinued since I left the high school two years ago. Of course," and here Mr. McKillop smiled again, "the war hasn't been long over, and in spite of all our international troubles, there is quite a large body of opinion which believes that wars are gone for good.

"It's like everything else taught by one person to another," he concluded. "Nothing is so important to the outcome of the teaching process as the personality of the teacher. Cadet training could be a terrible thing in the hands of the wrong instructor. Everything which goes on in the regular army need not be presented to young boys—but a good leader will sort the gold from the dross."

The mention of leaders reminded me that George McKillop is superintendent of the Southminster United Sunday School—a vast collection of children housed in a ridiculously ugly building on one of Lethbridge's main streets.

"Like cadet training, and like P.T.," said Mr. McKillop, "Sunday School teaching is something quite different from what it was a few years ago. We used to consider our job done when students left us able to rattle off two Psalms and three verses from the Book of Job. That was in the 'good old days' when parents made their children go to Sunday School whether they liked it or not. Before long, though, the children became parents, and in a franker age, declared that they would not oblige their children to submit to such an apparently futile experience. So Sunday Schools



began to decline in popularity, which many of us thought unfortunate, for they could be a great influence in the right direction. Church people put their heads together, and (in our church at least) decided that the only way to bring children to Sunday School, and to give them something worthwhile once they were there, is to talk to them in their own language about the problems which they confront in their own lives, and not to worry about verses from the Book of Job. I have tried to keep that objective in mind at Southminster."

"Has your new policy any effect on enrollment?"

"I don't know, but something has. We're crowded out now—850 children attend more or less regularly, compared to 350 when the union took place. It's quite a responsibility, you know. Enrollment means nothing; if we're not giving them something useful, they'd be better off in the swimming pool."

"What do you think of religious education in day school?" I asked.

"Denominational barriers are the most vicious thing I can think of in a school. If religious education means denominational propaganda, then we must have none of it. But as for teaching Christian principles, and applying them, I am all in favor. Quarrel about what theological points you will, Christ's is the most easily comprehended morality—it should not be impossible for ordinary teachers to agree upon its meaning, and to insist upon its practices."

"You are chairman of the playgrounds commission," Mr. McKillop, I said. "What do you think is the answer to this juvenile delinquency problem, or do you think we

only imagine conditions to be worse now than they have been?"

"I'm more certain of the answer to that question than I am of any you have asked me. The cause of this present outbreak of delinquency was inadequate leadership during the war; the cure for it is more and better leadership immediately. There have got to be people who will take a sincere interest in young folk, and who will devote some time to working with them. University students like yourself should bear that in mind, and be prepared to do some active leadership in your communities. I can see no other hope. It doesn't matter what your medium is—school, church, Y.M.C.A., playground, or whatever you can get. If the kids are there, and you mean sincerely to do something for them, and really worry about them, you'll accomplish your work. Cadet training, for instance, could be a terrible thing under the wrong leadership, but it can be most valuable when the instructors are genuinely interested. No matter what sort of curriculum the authorities outline for teaching in school, education will occur when the teacher himself is an educated and sympathetic man. The finest curriculum is wasted in the hands of a poor teacher."

Lethbridge people have always given George McKillop credit for at least some of what he does. Within the last few years his name has become more widely known. King George VI has made him a Member of the British Empire, and he was recently awarded the military "Efficiency Decoration".

George McKillop is a man in whom all teachers, and all those whose work is mankind, can find an example and an inspiration, for he believes in what he is doing.

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# The Old Order

by

Stanley Noel Smith

THE day was perfect for harvesting. The air, clear and crisp at twenty degrees below zero, held wonderful promise that morning. Even taciturn Jock McPherson whistled a few faint bars of "Annie Laurie" as he drove his team of bays, Bess and Bonnie, up the river to the new ice-cutting site.

For twenty-five winters Jock had harvested ice for the Purex Ice Company. His sandy stubbled face, surmounted by a crop of red hair, now somewhat bleached, was well known to the river men. Old-timers saw no appreciable change in the Scot. He continued to wear, despite the advent of fleeced-lined parkas and flying boots, the mackinaw of ancient usage and the all-over felt boots. "You'll no get me to wear them noo-fangled clothes," was his stubborn comment. He had appeared almost jubilant the winter before when one of the younger workers had fallen in the river and nearly drowned, weighted down as he was with sodden sheepskin clothing and boots.

Two teams had already started scraping the snow off the surface of the new ice-field when Jock arrived. This was the job given to less experienced teams and teamsters. Jock drove Bess and Bonnie toward one of the ice ploughs. The team backed up to the machine with no prompting from Jock and stood waiting to be hitched. After adjusting the traces and snapping them to the whipple-trees, he took two oddly shaped gunny sacks and fastened them to the cruppers under the horses' tails. The Purex Ice Company was very particular about this detail; years past customers had complained about manure stains in the ice. Purex advertising now assured the world that Purex Ice would not discolor the clearest highball.

Ploughing of the ice is the most exacting of all ice harvesting operations. The ice is grooved six to eight inches deep with a sharp, especially designed ploughshare. The ploughman works first one way across the surface to be cut, then crosses these grooves with equally spaced ones running the other way, leaving the surface an enlarged checker-board of rectangular blocks. This operation takes skill, patience, and co-operation between the driver and the team. Jock, Bonnie and Bess had long since learned all the tricks of the trade, and knew how most easily to overcome the difficulties encountered with differing conditions of ice. After the ploughman comes the sawyers, who, following the first groove cut by the ploughman, saw, with one-handed cross-cut saws, through the ice to the water level—about a distance of four feet, if the season is good. When the first few blocks have been released and cleared, operations move quickly. Blocks can then be broken off from the parent block by a sharp stab into the groove cut by the ploughman; this stab is made by an especially made ice axe that literally splits the ice block away from the pack. As the ice blocks accumulate, they are guided towards a ramp at the down-stream end of the field, the river current being utilized for the power.

Jock drove his team and the plough toward the cleared ice which reflected the sloping rays of the winter sun like a huge mirror. He adjusted the old-fashioned fur lugs on his peaked cap allowing stray strands of hair to creep down his furrowed forehead, wiped the recently formed icicles from his bristling mustache, and took a large chew of tobacco from a plug he extricated from the inside pocket of his mackinaw—he was now ready for a morning's work.

The foreman strolled from the shack on the side of the ice. "Hey, Jock! Unhitch. you're going on the slide today."

Jock and the team stopped dead in their tracks. Ten years had elapsed since they had been on the slide. Any team of four year olds and a kid could haul the blocks of ice out of the river up the ramp on to the platform in readiness for the hauling trucks. Here were three veterans being asked to do a kindergarten job.

The foreman broke into a laugh. "What's the matter, Jock? Ya look like you've been slapped in the belly with a dead fish."

"What's wrong, mon? Are we no doin' a good job on the plough?"

"Sure, you're doing a swell job! But times change, Jock. The Boss's hired a man with a tractor to do the ploughing. Got a big contract from a hospital, don't want no horses on the ice after it's scraped. You know, the old sanitary stuff."

Around the bend of the river snorted the tractor; perched on the seat was a man in his early twenties, dressed in the latest fleece-lined fawn parka, green Grenfell cap, and zippered flying boots. He pulled up beside the plough that Jock had unhitched from, and proceeded to change the tackle adjusting it to the tractor. The foreman and the rest of the crew watched the young man start his first run.

Jock spat. An ebony stream of tobacco juice splattered across the whiteness of the snow leaving its imprint like the slime of a black slug against the purity of a lily.

Spitting is slowly becoming a lost art. The real spitter, with years of training, can express many and varied moods by his manner of expectorating. Jock was an artist. The average good spitter usually takes some preliminary preparation before reaching the climax: he invariably clears his throat, fills his cheeks, throws forward his head to give the added impetus needed to reach the minimum of ten feet required before professional status can be claimed. Jock scorned such preliminary flourishes; with barely a perceptible movement of the lips a viscous stream of just the correct consistency could issue from the side of his mouth, sail upwards and outward in a perfect parabolic curve to land on any desired spot with amazing accuracy.

The tenseness of Jock's suppressed emotions was relieved, as is the eternal pressure on Vesuvius by a sudden eruption of lava.

All morning Jock and the bays toiled at the monotonous task of hauling, up the skidway, the blocks of ice that had been ploughed by the tractor. He spoke to no one but Bonnie and Bess. A few of the truckmen, as they backed up for their load, joshed the Scot about his promotion, but receiving no reply, and apparently making no impression, they ceased their efforts at banter.

Noon time arrived; the workers collected around the large pot-bellied heater that stood in the centre of the shack like a huge Falstaff radiating warmth and good-cheer. They washed down their lunch with strong black coffee that had brewed on the top of the stove since morning. No one could recall when the pot had been washed; it was always on the stove. Coffee grounds or water were added as needed and the old grounds thrown out at rare intervals. Stereotyped male humor flowed back and forth among the crowd, a great deal of it, this day, being directed at Jock.

The young man who ran the tractor was talking to the two sawyers. "I hear the Boss is thinking of taking all the teams off the river." He winked in an aside.

"When did he tell you?" one sawyer asked.

"I was sitting in his office yesterday, he says to me, 'Tim, whata ya think of the ice business?' So I up and says to him. 'Listen, J. G. Listen,' I says, 'we've got to get rid of all those old-timers and their horses. Got to modernize! Put on tractors and young fellows! Speed things up!'"

The Scot, glaring from beneath tangled eyebrows that hung like underbrush over the river's edge, made no retort.

The afternoon work commenced. The now enlarged pool allowed quicker work by the cutters and the steady stream of ice blocks to the ramps kept Jock and his team steadily at work.

Suddenly down the road, roaring at high speed, came a black sedan. It skidded to stop in front of the foreman's shack, the door flew open and a thick set man, whose red heavy-jowled face glared from the collar of a plucked beaver coat, stepped out.

"Stop everything! Where's the Foreman?" he bellowed.

Jim Gordon, head of the Purex Ice Company, was no person to trifle with in such a mood.

The foreman hastened toward the Boss. "Hello, Mr. Gordon, what brings you out here?"

"What brings me out here? I'll tell you! Dirty ice!"

"Dirty ice?"

"Yes, look here!"

He threw the rear door of the car open. "Here, you two!" He pointed imperiously at the two cutters who had wandered curiously forward. "Drag that out!"

They did as ordered and pulled a large block of ice out on to the snow.

"Look at that!" Gordon exclaimed. "For twenty-five years Purex Ice has been the standard of purity. If the hospital inspector had seen that, we'd've had our contract cancelled."

"What is it?" the foreman asked, gazing at a dirty black mark showing on its glistening surface.

"Oil! Filthy oil! Get that damn tractor off my ice!"

The young tractor operator came saunter-

up with a cigarette dangling from his lips.

Jim Gordon glared at him. "Who are you?"

"I'm the tractor man."

"Oh, you are! First you leak oil all over my ice, now I catch you smoking on it. You're fired! Get that filthy machine away from here!"

While this argument progressed, Jock had ceased work, covered the horses with an extra blanket and sat down on the edge of the platform. Disciplined lines covered his face like a curtain cutting off any glimmer of inward emotions that might attempt to struggle through.

Jim Gordon walked over to the Scot. "Jock, hitch your team to that plough. If anybody tells you to take 'em off, you tell 'em to jump in the river." He walked back to his car, jumped in, and was driven off.

Jock re-adjusted the whipple-trees on the plough, fastened the traces, re-hung the gunny sacks. He gave each horse a lump of sugar he had saved from lunch, took a big chew of tobacco from the plug in his old mackinaw coat, and muttered to Bonnie and Bess as he caressed the silken sides of their noses: "The auld fool disna ken the difference between tobaccy juice and ile."



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# LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

By MARY ROBERTSON

THE big school bus, slowing to a stop beside the mail box, honks its horn to speed the stragglers. Laughing and talking, they tumble up the steps and the bus moves on. With never a glance they pass the old school and speed to the new Centre with its Home Economics room, its shopwork, its shiny science equipment. The change is at it should be. But before a new generation looks with too much condescension on the little red schoolhouse, let it remember that no system has a monopoly on real education.

If, however, the reader fears that I am about to eulogize the country school around which "the sumacs grow, and blackberry vines are running," let him be assured that such is not my intention. I remember too well, mornings when the temperature was forty below outside, and thirty-nine inside. I know the difficulty of a teacher trying to teach reading to grades one, two and three at the same time she is trying to teach arithmetic to four, five and six, and science to seven, eight and nine, or even facing the initial problem of making herself heard through the heavy atmosphere of "purposeful activity." I realize the disadvantages which a child requiring special help suffers under a system which has no time for testing, the individual aid, such a child needs. Central schools were long overdue, and if war shortages speeded the change, so much the better for the schools. Rural schools are fast becoming landmarks, but despite their weaknesses, they have certain advantages it will be almost impossible to duplicate in larger schools.

No matter what our private views on the aims of education, nearly everyone concedes that they include training in the ability to get along amicably with one another. If schools are more than a farce, they should

gradually lead the child out into the world, make the step into the community an easy one. Where in post-school life will the child find a community composed, as is his classroom in a large school, entirely of individuals of his own age and intelligence bracket? For the purposes of efficient training of large numbers, such segregation is necessary. The loss is made up artificially by activities or enterprises, but no activity, no enterprise, no matter how expertly handled, can compare with actual experience. Most rural schools have an age range of approximately nine or ten years. The difference in the attitudes and interests of a five-or-six-year-old and those of a fifteen-year-old is immense—as vast as most he will meet in the remainder of his life. Yet the older pupils cannot put on a play unless the younger ones pull the curtains, and the younger pupils cannot have a successful party unless the older ones swell their numbers for the games. The school paper will not be complete unless the grade two boy gets his list of jokes in to the grade nine editor.

Hand in hand goes the greater training of those with less ability. If a ball team is to be chosen from a class of twenty-five boys, the nine or ten best players will automatically be picked and intensively trained. The other sixteen will cheer from the bleachers or play scrub at the other end of the school yard. If a ball team is to be built with nine boys, the problem becomes, not who will play, but where will Tommy, who can neither catch nor bat, do the least damage? He plays, and probably gains more from the game than the boys who play well. The same procedure follows in a club in a rural school. At least half the officials are bound to be children who in



a larger group would be sitting on the side lines, running the errands for an executive of individuals with more personality, if not more ability. Who has not seen at least one country Christmas Concert with its fat angels, its clumsy fairies, its forgotten cues? These are the children who need the experience if they are to take an active part in community life, and these in a small school learn to take their places naturally, without embarrassment or feelings of inferiority.

No person can effectively be teacher, organizer and director of school entertainments, club advisor, playground supervisor, athletic instructor, and school nurse. The result is a feeling of kinship with Absyrtus who was chopped up in little pieces and spread over the ocean by Medea. The attempt, however, means that one person joins to some extent in all the school activities of the child. There is less tendency for him to become "the type who has trouble with fractions," or "the type who never learns his memory work," or "the type who wants to do the scoring in a basketball game". This greater contact with the whole child, emphasized as it is by isolation from other interests and activities, greatly increases the teacher's opportunity to help the child. I do not think that any amount of organization, any amount of buzzer-efficiency, can replace in value, the relationship between a teacher who is interested in a child, and a child who knows he has a friend in the teacher.

Even in the matter of academic attainment, the comparison with larger schools is not too one-sided. The system, particularly in the case of average and superior

students, is in many ways a good one. In the first place, it has a continuity which tends to make a child think of education as a steady growth, rather than as a series of leaps and bounds. The first day at school a child hears about square roots, and theories, and equations, and molecules. Naturally, the words mean nothing to him, but after six or seven years with them in the background, the transition from one stage to another is as natural as moving from Chapter One to Chapter Two in his arithmetic book. In addition, a large amount of general information may be picked up in a period of eight or nine years by listening to eight other classes in action. If, moreover, a lesson has not been learned until it can be taught, the inevitable helping of the younger by the older pupils is one of the finest methods of review.

Probably most important of all is the general attitude towards education which tends to be built up in a rural school. Education is something the child does for himself, not something the school does for him. The teacher is not a person who carries him all the way because occasionally there is a ditch too deep for him to cross, but a person to whom the child may appeal when he has gone as far as he can alone. Working without help, ferreting out information from books, discussing and cooperating with fellow-students, are not merely activities smiled upon by the teacher and the superintendent; they are means of self-defence. Of more lasting significance is the fact that these habits have the power to push out the walls of the schoolroom to the farthest limits of human thought.

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# THE NAME IS SMITH

By BERNHARDT

« « « « «

**T**HE man in the shiny black slicker sat on a hard bench in the C.N. station, his feet apart, head resting on his hands. Occasionally he stirred to look at his

watch, or at the schedule for out-going trains, then returned to position. He was but one more human in the ebb and flow through the building and as such com-



manded no more attention than any one of the sundry other persons who sat waiting.

About him the building seemed to expand with the chatter and raucous laughter of blurs of people.

"Some speech New Zealand's Jordan gave at the Peace Conference, eh?"

"See where there was a light snow at Grande Prairie? Some weather!"

"Yes, I've been following the Flores case. They suspect some fellow named Elliot now. I hope they catch the—"

Talk and laughter! Laughter and talk! Nearby a kid bawling its lungs out! Every human noise like a percussion echoing within his brain!

The man in the slicker shuddered visibly as a large, sweating individual sat down beside him, panama and cane in hand. The panama remained poised in the air for a moment, and then too was placed on the bench. Its owner peered for a moment at the neighbour in the incongruous raincoat, then grunted, mopped his face with a monstrous white handkerchief and wiggled a bit on the uncomfortable seat.

"Some improvement if they had cushions, eh?" he remarked in the way of induced conversation.

"Yes—it would."

The handkerchief was returned to its pocket.

"I'll tell yuh, they had a real station at Goutwort, Saskatchewan. All the best points of a city station, and mattresses on the benches besides."

"Oh?"

"Yep. Some station."

The stout individual retrieved his panama and began to fan himself vigorously. Quiet cuss, he thought. Seems to think I'm talking just to hear myself.

"Uh—what you say your name was?"

"I didn't, but it's—Smith. Frank Smith."

"That so? Mine's Garber. Folks say I talk too much. Knew quite a few Smiths in Goutwort. There was a Jesse, he was studying for a minister. Always was a bit strange, even as a kid. And Mary Smith—don't suppose they're any relatives, though. Where yuh headin'?"

"Peace River, and around."

"Yuh don't say? Some country up there in the bush I hear. Personally I like Goutwort."

Must be boring him, he decided. Though he can't be easily bored or he wouldn't be heading for Peace River. Think I'll get myself some gum. No. These new plates aren't any too firm.

"Been following the news lately?" he began again.

"Somewhat."

"Read about the Flores' murder down in Calgary?"

"Flores?" A pause. "No I don't believe I have."

"Mathilda Flores, some rich old woman worth a pretty penny. Killer made quite a haul." He shook his head admiringly.

"Oh?"

"Yessiree. Some simoleons. Wish I could meet a rich widow. Have some peppermints?"

"No thanks."

The man with the panama sucked noisily, eyeing the latest influx of travellers.

"Can't chew 'em, counta my teeth," he said.

Couple of nuns, a pregnant woman, few soldiers, a mountie.

Must be gonna have twins, he thought.

"Paper says they believe the killer has headed into the States."

"They?"

"Well, the editors, the police and so on." He gestured uncertainly. Once again his eyes followed the nuns as they went into the lunch room, the embarrassed woman who sat down to rest nearby and the cop who stood idly looking over the crowd.

"I guess he knew what he was doing skipping the country. I know I would. Now this case is different for several reasons. One, they know who did it; two . . .

The mountie, seeming to have found what he was looking for, moved leisurely through the waiting room, in their general direction.

"Two . . ."

The stout man lifted his eyes and stopped as the mountie came directly in front of them.

"Two . . ."

The man in the black slicker remained

motionless until he was tapped on the shoulder.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Are you Robert Elliot?" The mountie was very deliberate in his question.

"That's right."

The man in the panama swallowed his peppermint.

The mountie spoke almost in a tired tone.

"Then I think you'd better come along with me."

For a full ten minutes after they had left the station the stout stared after them. Smith—no, Elliot. He turned again to the folded newspaper he had stuck in his pocket: "Robert Elliot sought in Flores' murder, believed to have dodged across U.S. border."

A panama fluttered weakly down to a hard, uncushioned bench. Gad, wait 'til he told the folks in Goutwort.

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### THE PROFESSOR



*"This was the most unkindest cut of all."*

# Social Set

by J. R. Settle

SATURDAY noon, and "all's well with with the world"! As I leave the Arts Building, I unbutton my light top-coat under the pleasant persuasion of the warm autumn sun, and I am happy that before me is a week-end which promises, at least, beautiful Indian summer weather. I find myself unusually appreciative of the balmy air, and the blue sky with a "V" of quacking ducks wedging across it. Perhaps the dullness of continued study has made me more receptive to nature, just as darkness sensitizes the retina of the eye to sudden light. I behold, with unusual awe, the bushes and trees based by pedestals of brown leaves, and the man-made beauties of architecture among the university buildings and the Garneau residences. Morning after morning, I reflect, I have walked by these fine mansions and hardly noticed their magnificence. I wonder what each represents in toil, sacrifice, and saving. How many have been built or acquired through the hard work of their present owners, and how many have passed from the previous pioneering generation to sons unworthy of their glory? These are the homes of our upper classes, our leaders of society, our "Social Set".

One house suddenly attracts me. It is a huge place, though no larger than those around it. It is built of rich, red brick, and a fine verandah extends around two sides. The front room is marked by a great plate-glass window, almost large enough for a shop. The grounds approach the status of an estate, with fine lawns and trees. But these features are not outstanding in this district. Even the shiny, new Cadillac standing in front lends little distinction in such a neighborhood. But the house attracts my attention because it is alive—the front door has opened, and a woman comes into view.

She is tall, dark-haired, with a fine figure that suggests rigid foundations. Little strings of sparklers—maybe glass, maybe

diamonds—dangle from her ears, making me think she's probably off to Banbury Cross. Her green cloth coat is too bright, and over her shoulders a silver-grey fox with little pointed ears and glass eyes winks at me. She calls back into the house.

"Hurry up, Jerry. We'll be late for dinner, and your father will be waiting. Come along now; that will still be there when we come back."

Jerry runs out of the house past her, and down the steps to the sidewalk in front of me. He is not very big, but his apparent vitality suggests too many vitamins. He is a pre-school youngster, I imagine, who is going to have much to learn when his teacher gets hold of him. He wears gold-rimmed spectacles, which are unusual on lads of that age, but they don't surprise me half as much as the boy's personality. As I approach he smirks at me impishly, and bending, picks up a big handful of dirt and twigs and pebbles.

"I'm gonna let you have it, Mither. I'm gonna let you have it! I'm gonna!"

"You throw that, sonny, and I'll take you home with me an fry you for my dinner!" His mother is still busy locking the house. I try to look nonchalant, and pretend I thinks he's just fooling.

He's not.

Most of the dirt scatters into dust as it is airborne, but the twigs and pebbles bounce annoyingly against my coat and books. I make a dive to collar him, but he is too fast for me. Laughing and thumbing his nose in my direction, he dashes up the steps to his mother's side. As I scowl at them both, darkly, his mother side-steps him, and brushing my coat off, I listen for the satisfying words of chastisement I feel that boy has certainly earned. But I listen in vain.

"You shouldn't have done that, Jerry," she says calmly, and then with more annoyance; "Keep your dirty hands off me now!"



# THE WHITE PEACOCK

THE boy dashed out of the house, the screen door banging behind him, and across the yard. When he crawled under the gate, he was in such a hurry that he didn't duck low enough, and a barb caught in his shirt and held him. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed and tried vainly to squirm free. He'd probably be late for school already without this happening. The barb held, and he had to jerk himself loose, tearing a small rent in his shirt. He picked up his dinner pail again, and ran down the lane. Oh, he'd never make it—never! He'd have to stay after school. He'd have to sit there doing some great long multiplication and division questions and check them and listen to the lessening whir of buggy wheels and fading shouts as the others left for home. Worse, the teacher had threatened to start strapping the lates. Of course, maybe she was just bluffing. Teachers often just bluffed. But maybe she meant it. Maybe she'd start today. "Oh, I—just—can't—be—late," he said under his breath as he hurried on. Oh, he'd never make it.

If only he could have cut across. But there was Johnson's flax field. He wasn't supposed to cut across a field. But supposing he did it just this once. It couldn't hurt much, just once. He wouldn't tramp down much, anyway. Not him, just a boy. Johnson was a pretty nice man. He wouldn't mind just this once, and maybe he wouldn't see him. Why, here was the very place to start cutting across! He wouldn't be tramping down any flax for a hundred yards or more!

Running into the field from the lane was a grassy slough. There was no water in it now, but every spring there was, and so it and the ground around it had never been broken. As there had been plenty of moisture, and the slough was never grazed till after harvest, the grass grew very tall and

green there. The boy sometimes went there on summer afternoons to pick blue beard-tongue and wild roses. Sometimes when he saw an ant or other insect hurrying along the grass stems, he would lie down and put the side of his head as close to the ground as he could and try to imagine what a great forest the ant must think it was in. It would be very exciting to be in a forest like that. He had seen pictures in books in the school library where men were about the same size in real forests as the ant was in the grass. That must be strange, to be among trees at least ten times as high as the windmill at home.

But this morning the boy didn't think of these things. He hurried across the slough till he came to where the flax stood again. It grew there, slender and tall, with the nodding heads just ready to open into bloom. Some of the sky-blue flowers were already out. Here the boy stopped, very suddenly.

In front of him in the flax was a bird. A bird which was unlike any he had ever seen before. It was large, as large as a turkey hen, and white. Not pure white, for there were a few specks or bars on it. It had a very long tail, much longer than itself, which almost dragged behind it. On its head was a cluster of little white feathers almost like a crown. He stood very still, and the bird moved gracefully through the nodding flax. He was surprised, but he didn't have time to watch any longer, and started off again, faster. Oh, he'd be late for sure now.

He was late. The doors stood open, so he walked very quietly into the cloakroom and put away his cap and his dinner pail. The teacher was writing on the blackboard. He tip-toed in and slid into his seat. The teacher turned around.

"You are *eight — minutes — late!* What is your excuse?"



"I stopped to look at a funny bird in a slough in Johnson's flax field. I've never seen one like it before."

That might help. The teacher was anxious that the pupils should tell her about any new birds they had seen, and describe them so she could find out what they were and name them.

"Well, describe it," she commanded, but her voice was a little less severe.

"It was big, about as big as a turkey hen, and looked something like it, except it was white and had some specks on it and it had a very long tail and some little feathers on its head."

The teacher's eyes fairly blazed.

"Isn't it enough that you come late without inventing a story like that? You know very well that there is no bird of that description around here!"

"But I did see a bird like that! Honest I did!"

"That will do. You will stay in twice as long as ordinarily this afternoon for not telling the truth."

He was angry. He hated the teacher for not believing him. Oh, if he could just have shown her the bird, really. At recess he was teased for going to have to stay in, so at noon he grabbed his dinner-pail and asked a friend Jim to come along over behind the barn and eat lunch with him.

"That sure was a funny bird I saw this morning," he began. Jim looked up at him from his sandwich. "Aw g'wan. Don't try to give me that stuff too. You couldn't even fool teacher."

"But Jim—" He blinked and swallowed. So Jim didn't believe him either. He'd see the bird again. Maybe they'd see it themselves, sometime. Then they'd believe him.

He stayed in after school, and the teacher gave him hard, long questions, but he didn't get a strapping. Anyway that was something. When he got home, his mother was cooking doughnuts. He went over to the dishpan on the chair and picked a warm doughnut off the brown paper.

"Shall I help you, Mother?" he asked.

"Why, yes. Here, you turn them, while I roll out and cut some more. Were you late today? I thought so. So you had to stay in. And you've torn a hole in your shirt!"

"Mother, I saw a funny bird today. Down in the slough in Johnson's flax field. It was

white with a few specks and had a very long tail, as twice as long as the rest of it, and some little white feathers on its head. What kind of a bird do you think it was, Mother?"

"You probably saw a prairie chicken."

"But, Mother, it couldn't have been! It was as big as a turkey hen."

"Well, then, it must have been somebody's white turkey hen."

"But it didn't look like no turkey hen. It was a lot whiter, and no turkey hen has a tail like that, or feathers on its head."

"You must have been in such a hurry you didn't see it plainly, and then just thought afterwards it looked like that."

"No, Mother. I saw it just as plain. Isn't there any bird like that around here?"

"Not that I can think of. Certainly not around here. Watch out, you're burning the doughnuts!"

So she didn't believe him either. It made the corners of his eyes hurt. He knew he'd seen a bird like that. Some day he'd see it again. Maybe he'd be able to show it to them. Then they'd see. He hoped he'd see it again.

Some weeks later the teacher read the pupils a poem.

"And in my court should peacocks flaunt,  
And in my forests tigers haunt,  
And in my pools great fishes slant  
Their fins athwart the sun."

"What is a peacock?" she asked. No one answered. She nodded at the boy. "Will you go to the dictionary, look up the word peacock, and read what you find to the class?"

He thumbed at the dictionary listlessly. Then he caught his breath. There, in the dictionary, was a picture of the very bird he'd seen, except his was white!

"Well, have you found it?"

"Yes," he mumbled.

"Well, go ahead and read what it says about it, then."

After school he looked it up again. So there were white peacocks too! But he knew now that there could have been no peacock there in the flax field that morning. He wondered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Something wasn't right. Something was wrong. Was he in the wrong place? This heat, these scraggly trees, these rocks. Was he in the coulee by Axel Svenson's where



they picked berries? No, that wasn't it. Something else was wrong, too. Some part of him wasn't on right, or something. He'd have to think clearly now to get it all straight.

Then, all at once he saw it again. There was the white peacock!! Was he in the flax field again? He wasn't sure, but there was the bird, anyway. Ha! He knew he'd see it again some day. He had said he would. The peacock turned and came slowly, gracefully, proudly towards him. This time he'd show it to them so they'd believe him and not think he was just imagining things. He'd call his mother so she could see for herself. "Mother!" he called, "Mother!" He tried to get up to run to her. "Mother!" he called again. Why didn't she come? Didn't she hear him? Somehow he was still lying there. Funny it was just like in those dreams when you desperately want to do something and you can't.

The white peacock was coming closer now. It seemed to get bigger and bigger. That was strange. Was it really coming closer or was he imagining it? He remembered how once when he was quite small, he had visited

a playmate who took him to see the geese, and they had been as big as he. As he grew up he'd often wondered why, because the geese seemed much smaller now. It had been a long time before he realized that it was because he had grown while the geese had not. But was this like that?

The peacock was so close he could touch it now. Why, it must be tame! They *must* see it! "Mother!" he called again. Then it was very close to him. It must be holding its wing over him. All seemed white. That feeling must be the touch of its feathers. It was as soft as falling snow, and had the coolness and warmth of a loved hand. It made him feel like sleeping—he fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The young orderly stooped by the stretcher and pulled the khaki blanket over the face. "Funny, isn't it," he said to the doctor, "how many of them call for their mothers."

The older man nodded, almost vacantly, and looked up through the grey green of the olive trees as a roll of gunfire sounded from up the road. "They would start up again now," he remarked wearily.

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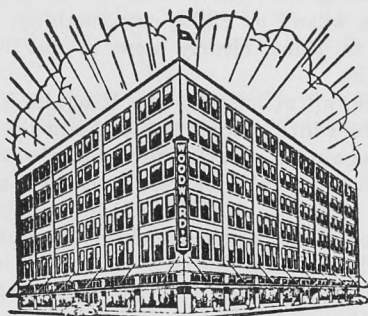
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